

TORPEDO

ABLAZE

5

1972

SÁNCHEZ ABULÍ
FERNÁNDEZ



LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ
Héctor M. López



ABLAZE PRESENTS

TORPEDO

1972

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VIBRANT STUDIOS
LETTERS

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FRITZ CASAS WITH
COLORS BY BIG DOORS STUDIO
COVER ART**

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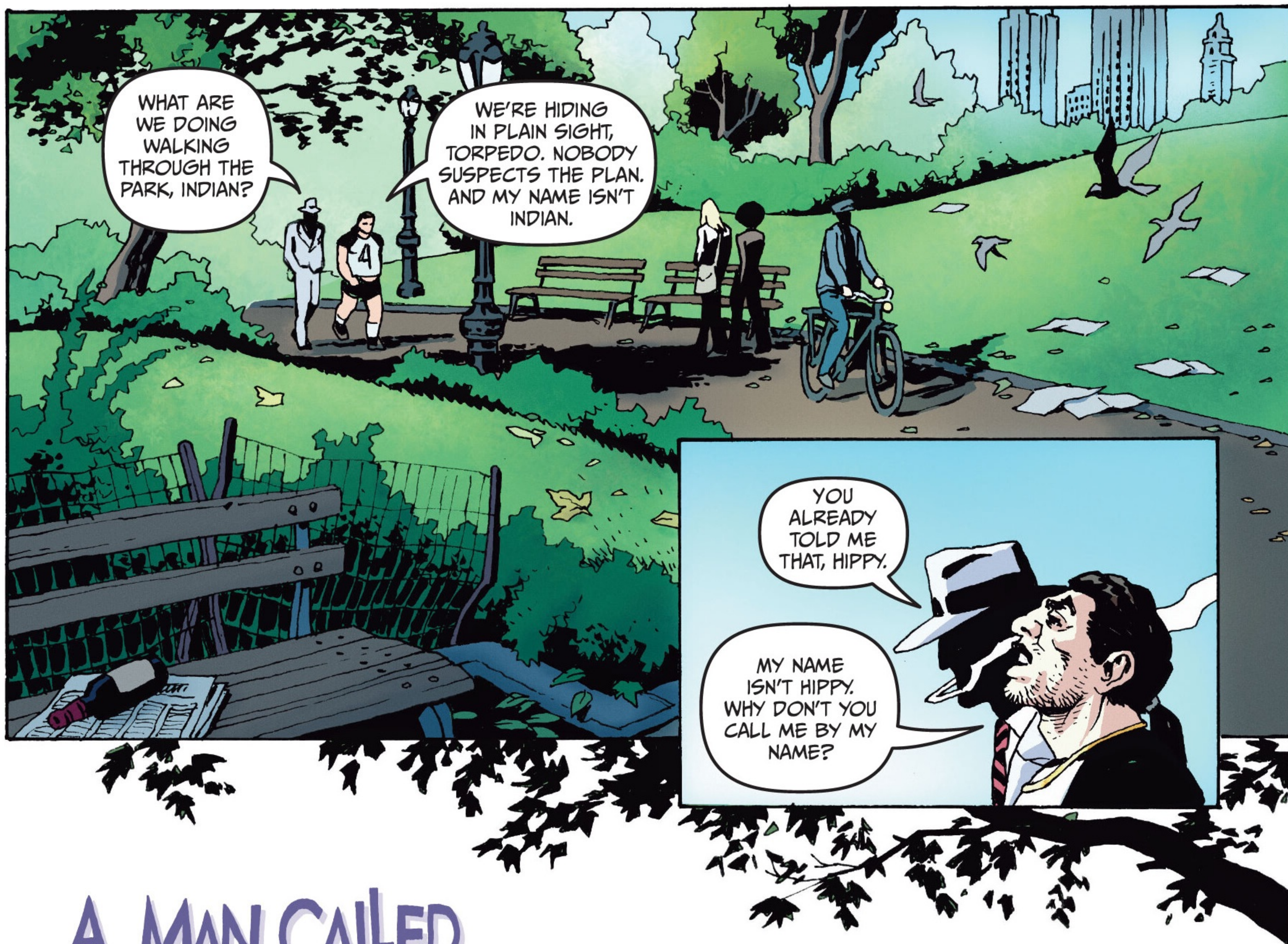
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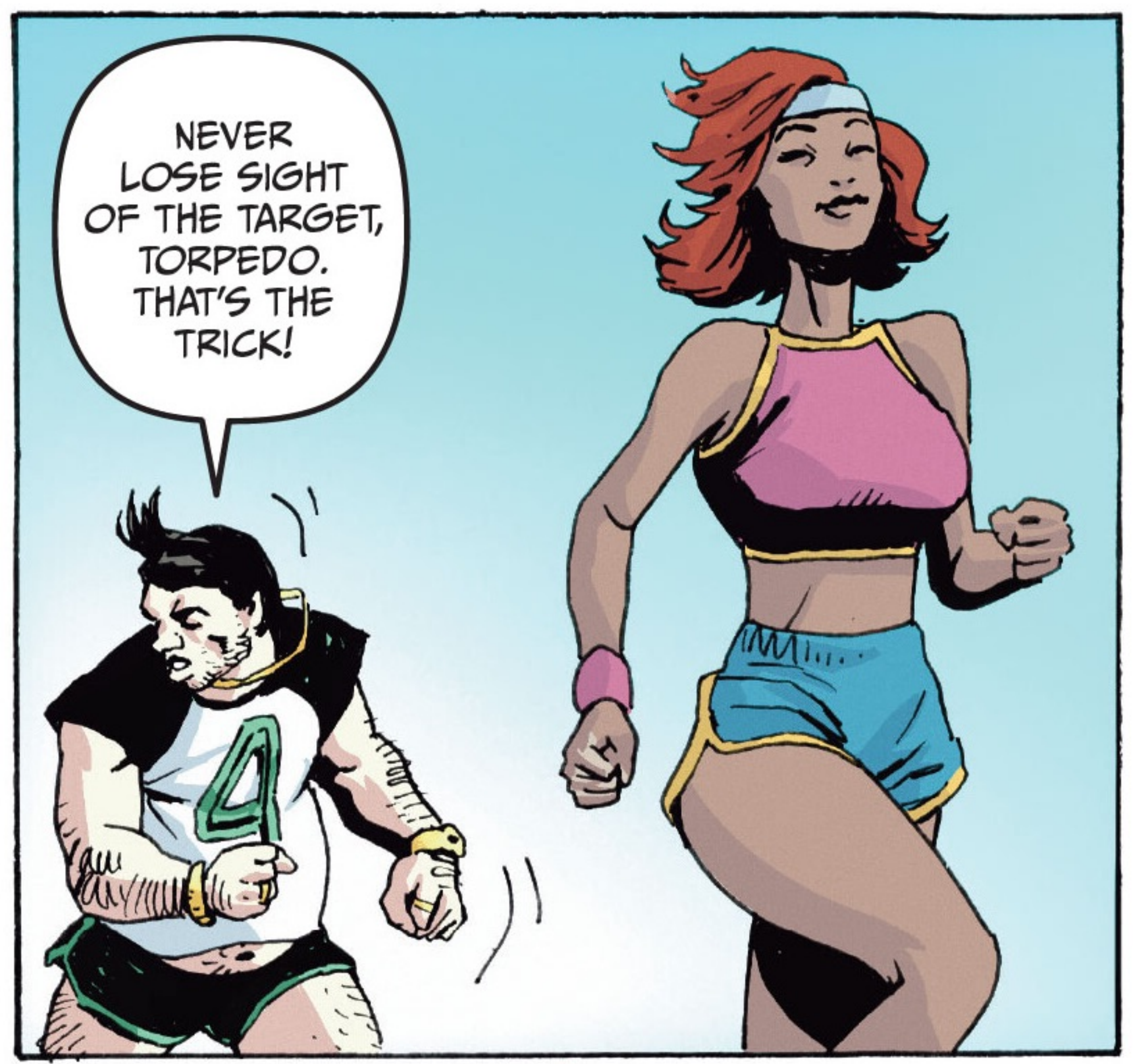
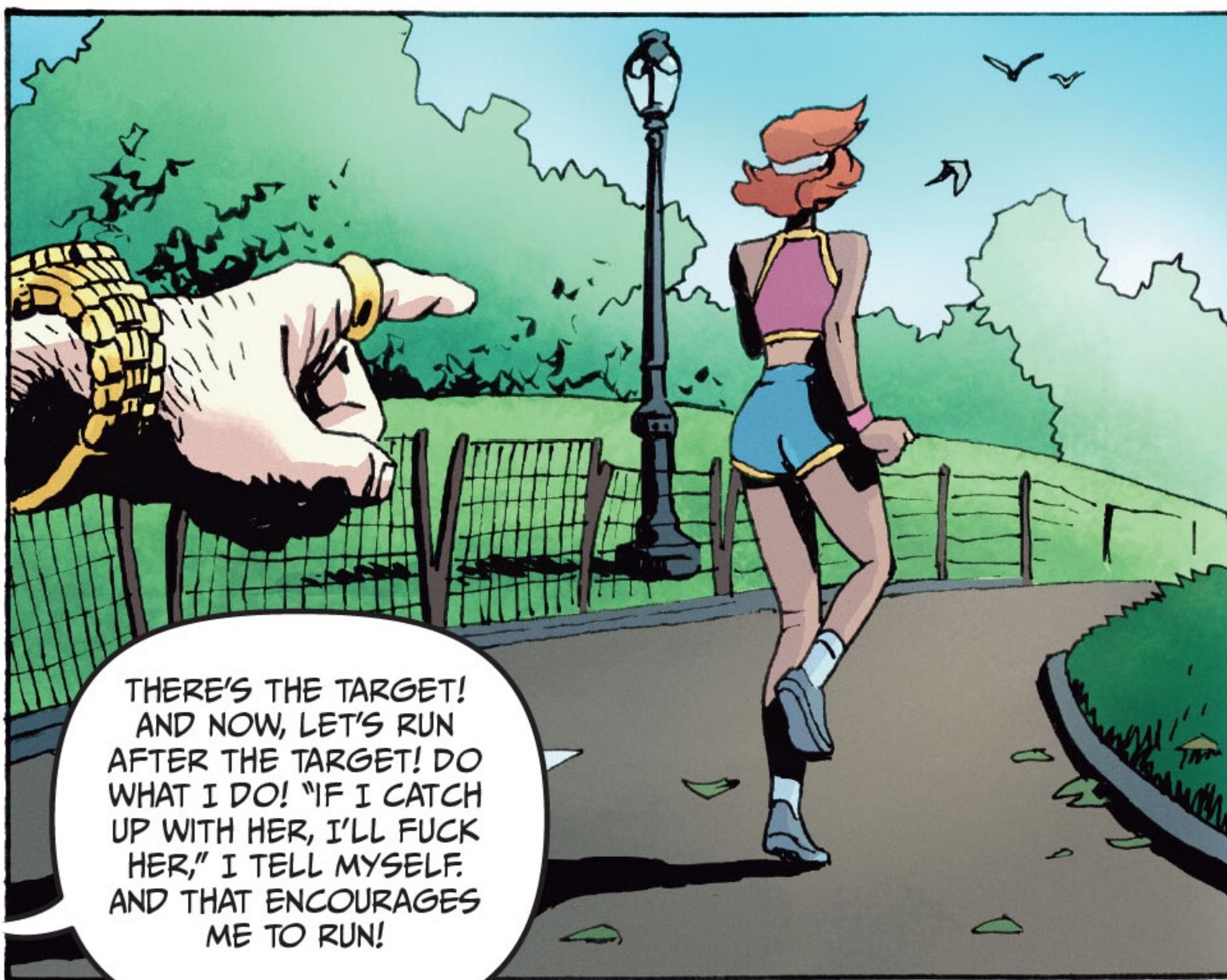
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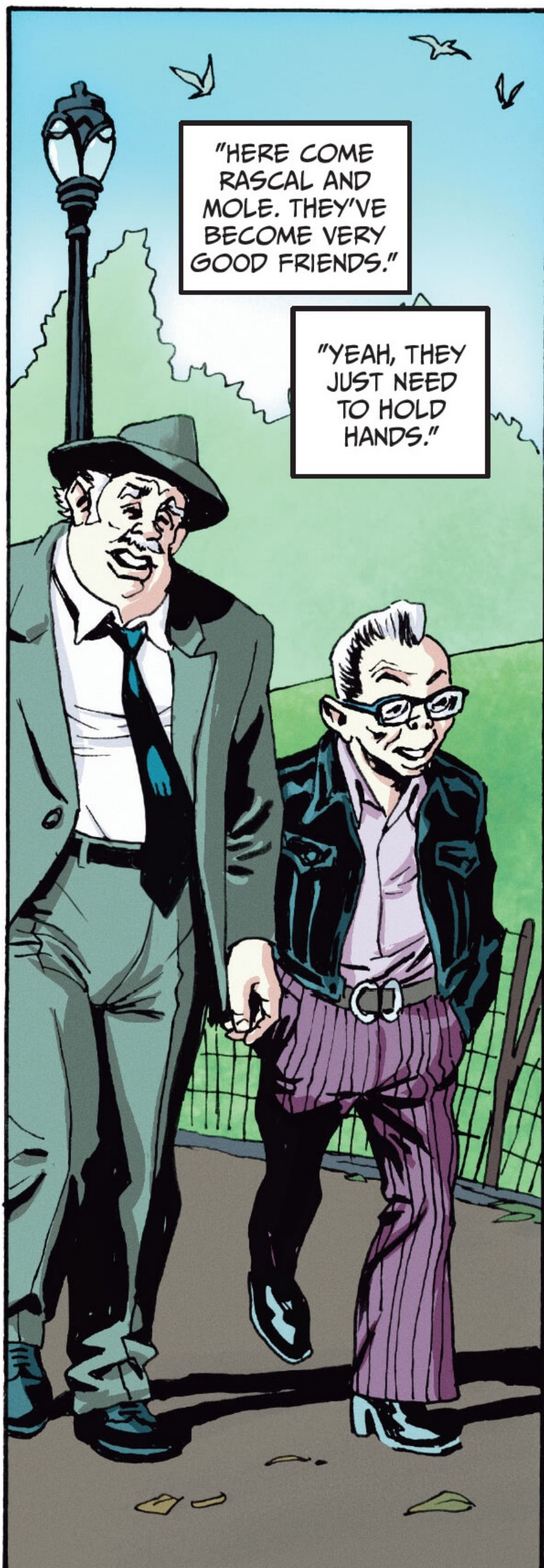


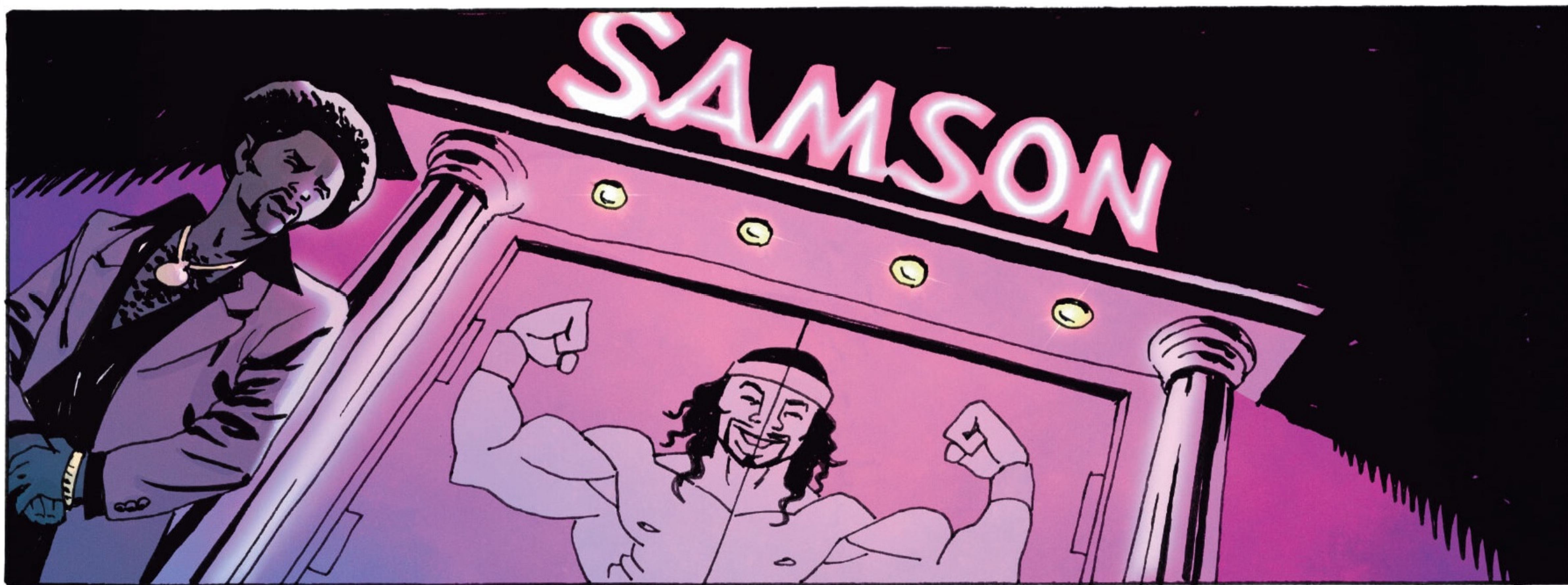


A MAN CALLED ASSHOLE













HELLO, HANDSOME, CAN YOU BUY ME A DRINK?

GULP!



AHEM... YES, OF COURSE, DO YOU WANT A LEMONADE?

I'D PREFER A WHISKEY, IF THAT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU.

YES, OF COURSE.



HEY, WOULD YOU LIKE A SHAG?

GULP!



HOW... HOW... HOW MUCH IS IT GOING TO COST ME?

TH... THAT'S A HUNDRED BUCKS!

FOR YOU? SEVENTY, PLUS THE ROOM, HANDSOME.



ONE HUNDRED BUCKS! HAVE YOU TAKEN A GOOD LOOK AT ME?



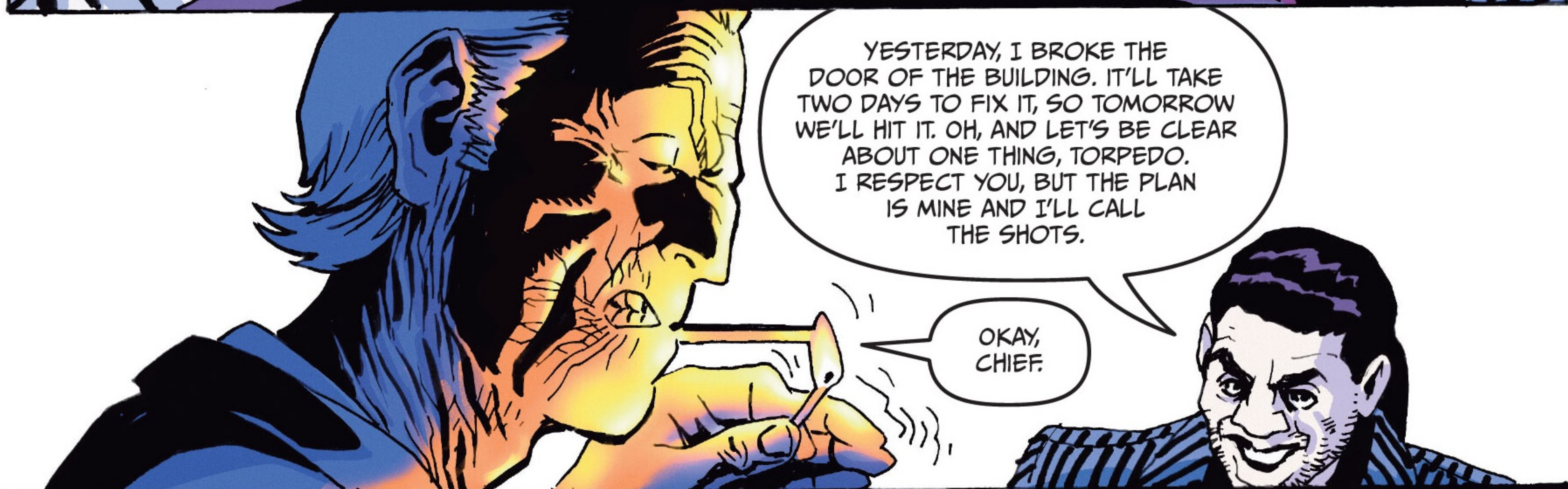
AND HAVE YOU TAKEN A GOOD LOOK AT ME, SWEETIE?

GULP!



AND HOW DID IT GO?

SHE DRANK THE WHISKEY AND LEFT. SO, I LOCKED MYSELF IN THE BATHROOM, AND THINKING ABOUT HOW GOOD IT WOULD BE, I JERKED OFF AND I SAID TO MYSELF: "YOU'RE SO GREAT, RASCAL. YOU'RE FUCKING HER AND YOU'VE SAVED YOURSELF A HUNDRED BUCKS."







DON'T GET NERVOUS, AND YOU'LL HOPEFULLY LIVE A FEW MORE YEARS. PICK UP THE DOUGH, TORPEDO.

NO NAMES.



WHAT DOUGH? THESE ARE CHIPS!



IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE? WHERE'S THE MONEY?



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, YOUNG MAN. I AM TOM PEACE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND THESE GENTLEMEN ACCOMPANYING ME ARE...



...MR. FRED SMITH, LAWYER...



...MR. BILL MORTON, BANKER...



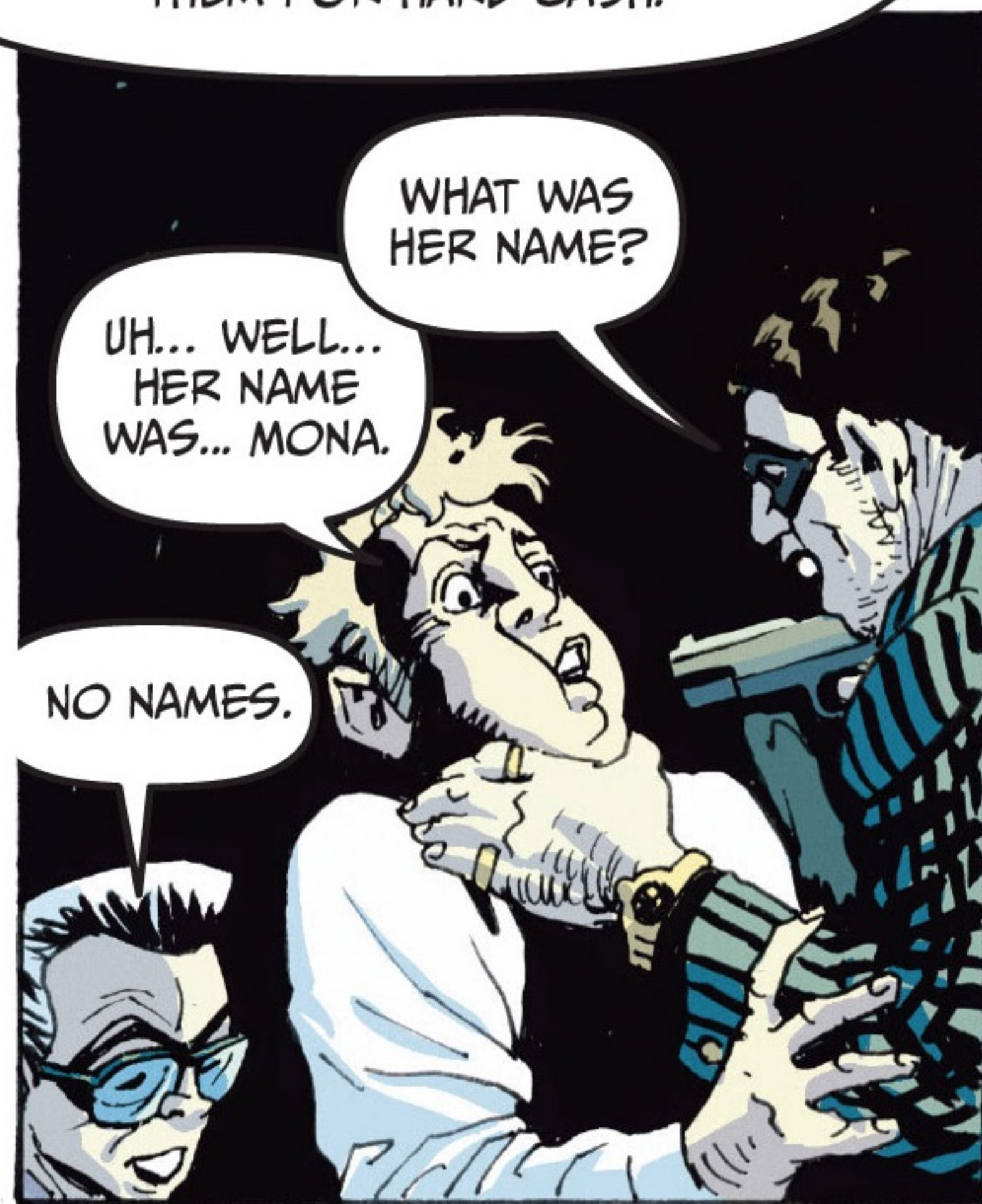
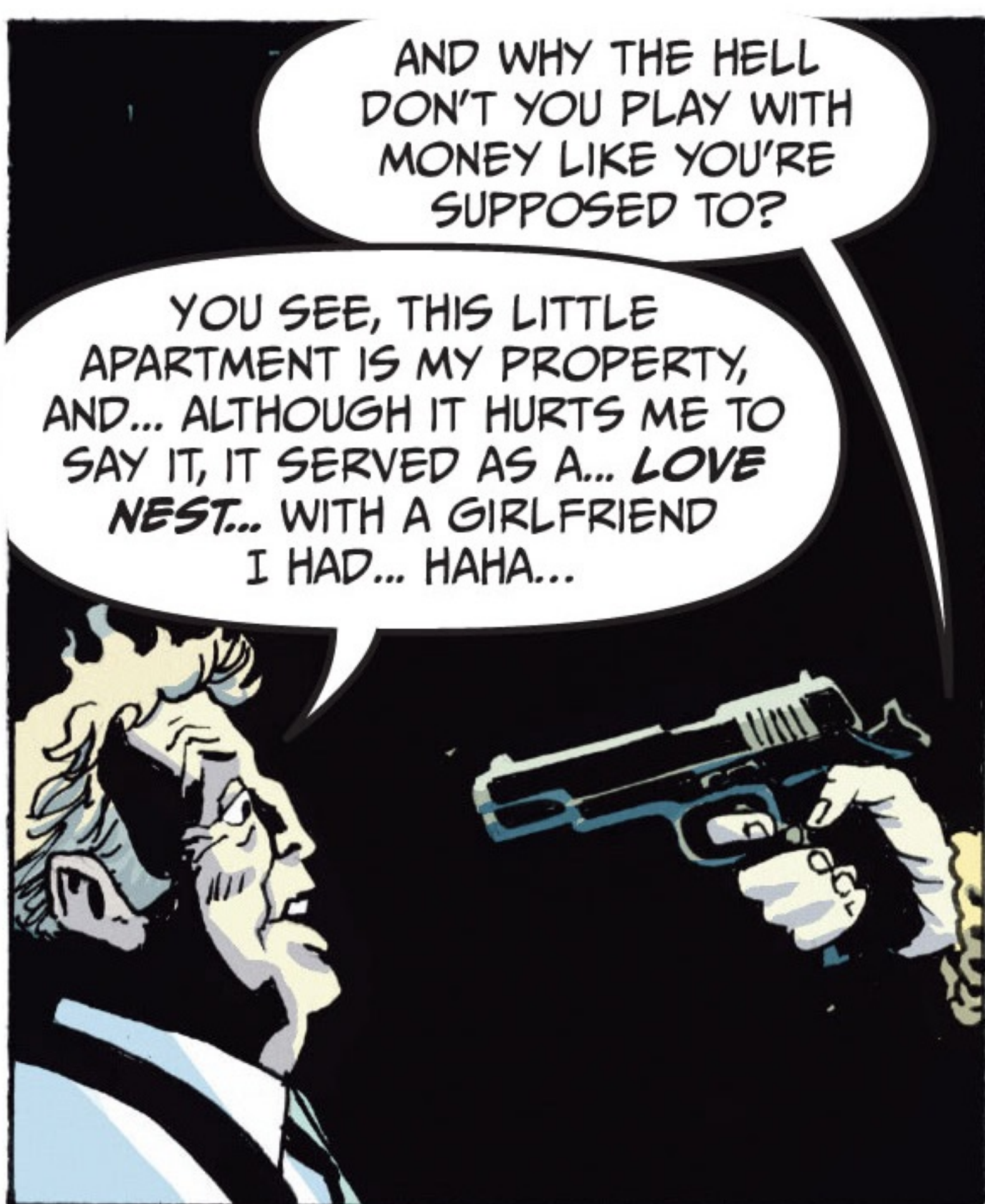
...AND MR. AL QUEER, NEUROLOGICAL PSYCHIATRIST.

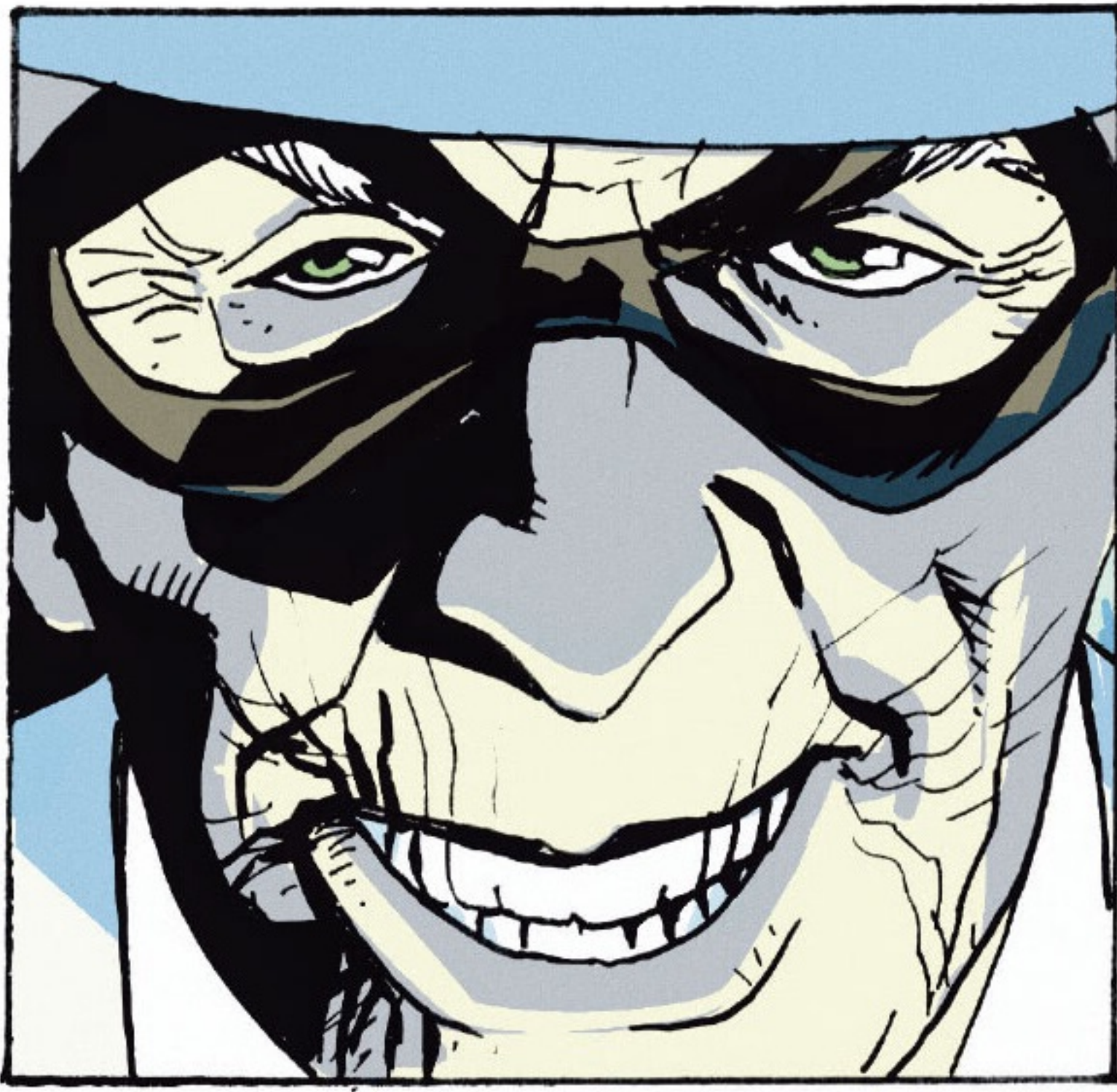


GRAB THESE SMARTASSES' WALLETS, MOLE!

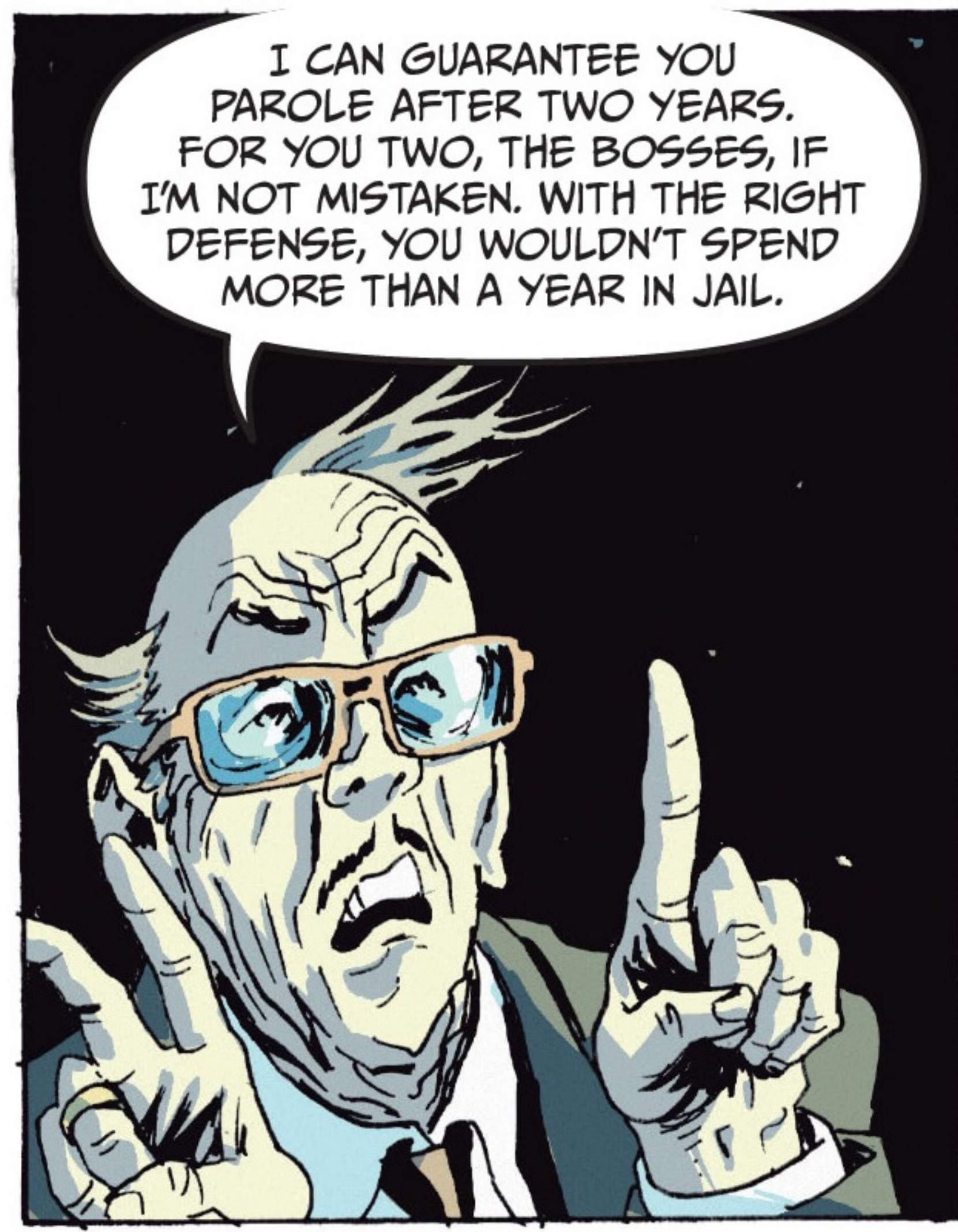


NO NAMES.





BANG!





NO BLOOD.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, FOUR-EYES? YOU KILLED THE JUDGE!

I WAS ANGRY. MY HAND WAS... SHAKING, ASSHOLE.

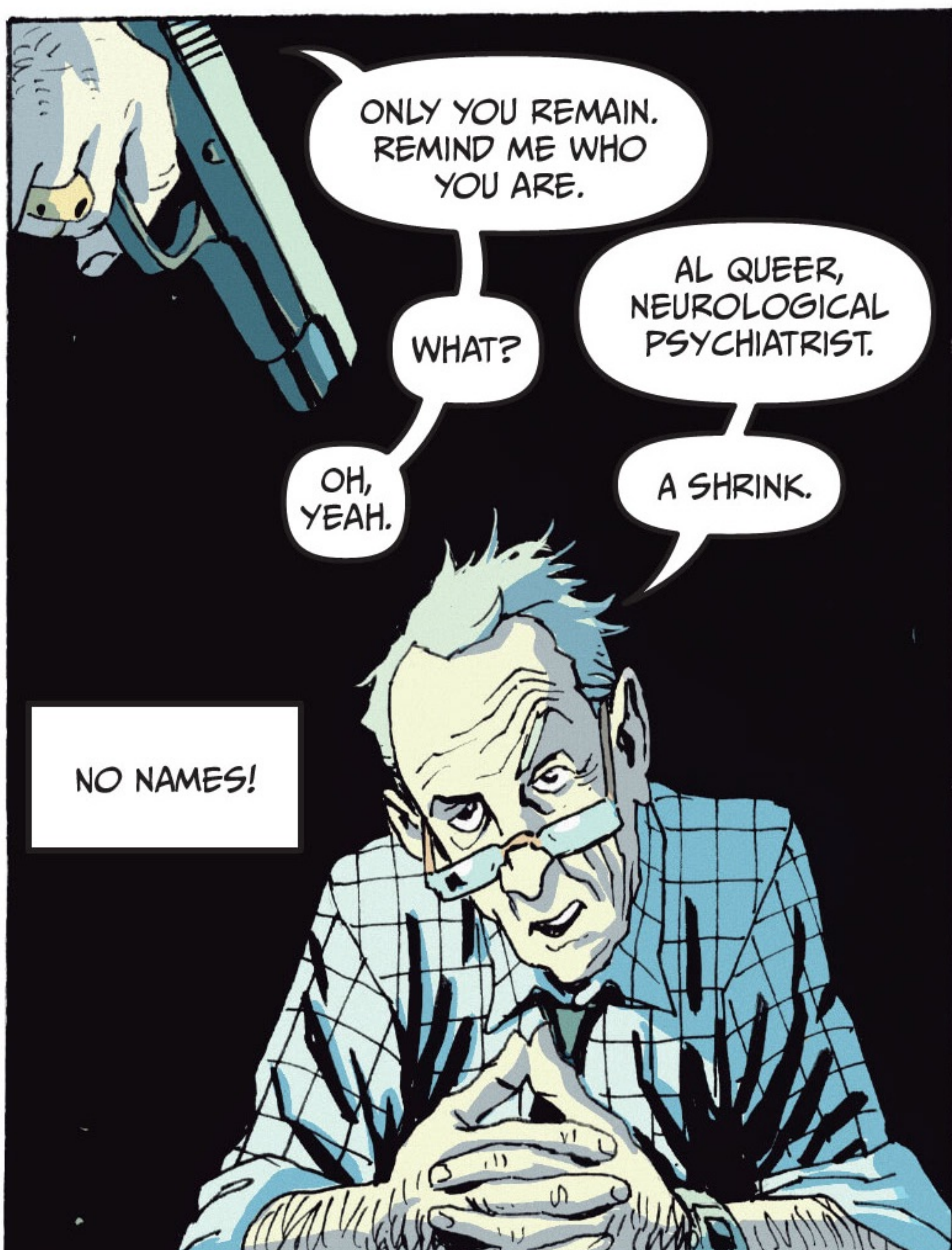


ARE YOU BLIND, FOUR-EYES? THAT WASN'T THE GUY YOU WANTED TO SHOOT. IT WAS THIS ONE!



FUCK! IT WENT OFF BY ITSELF!

NO DEATHS!



ONLY YOU REMAIN. REMIND ME WHO YOU ARE.

WHAT?

OH, YEAH.

AL QUEER, NEUROLOGICAL PSYCHIATRIST.

A SHRINK.

NO NAMES!

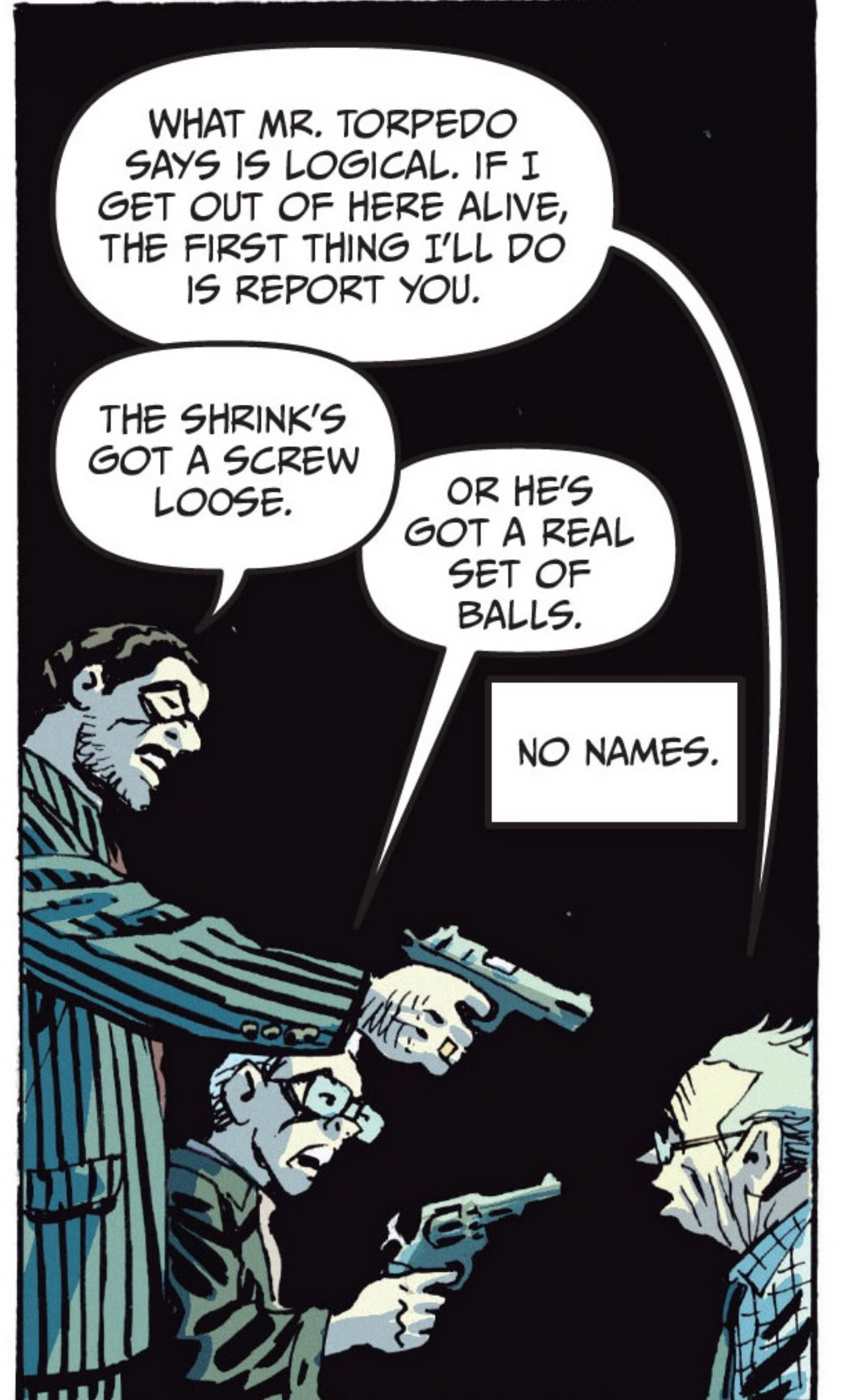


WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?

I THINK YOU MEAN WITNESSES.

NO WITNESSES LEFT ALIVE.

WHAT YOU SAID.

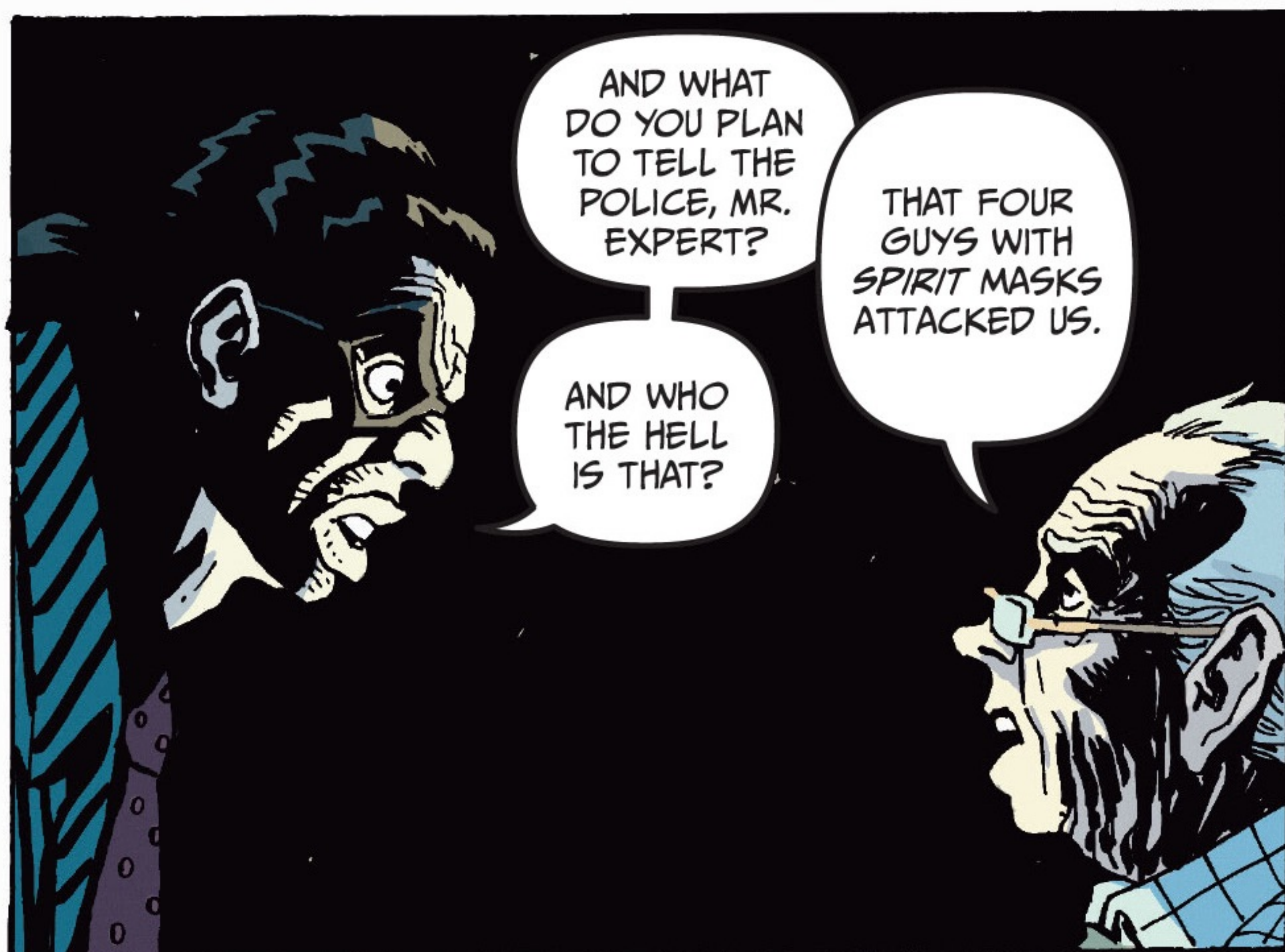


WHAT MR. TORPEDO SAYS IS LOGICAL. IF I GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, THE FIRST THING I'LL DO IS REPORT YOU.

THE SHRINK'S GOT A SCREW LOOSE.

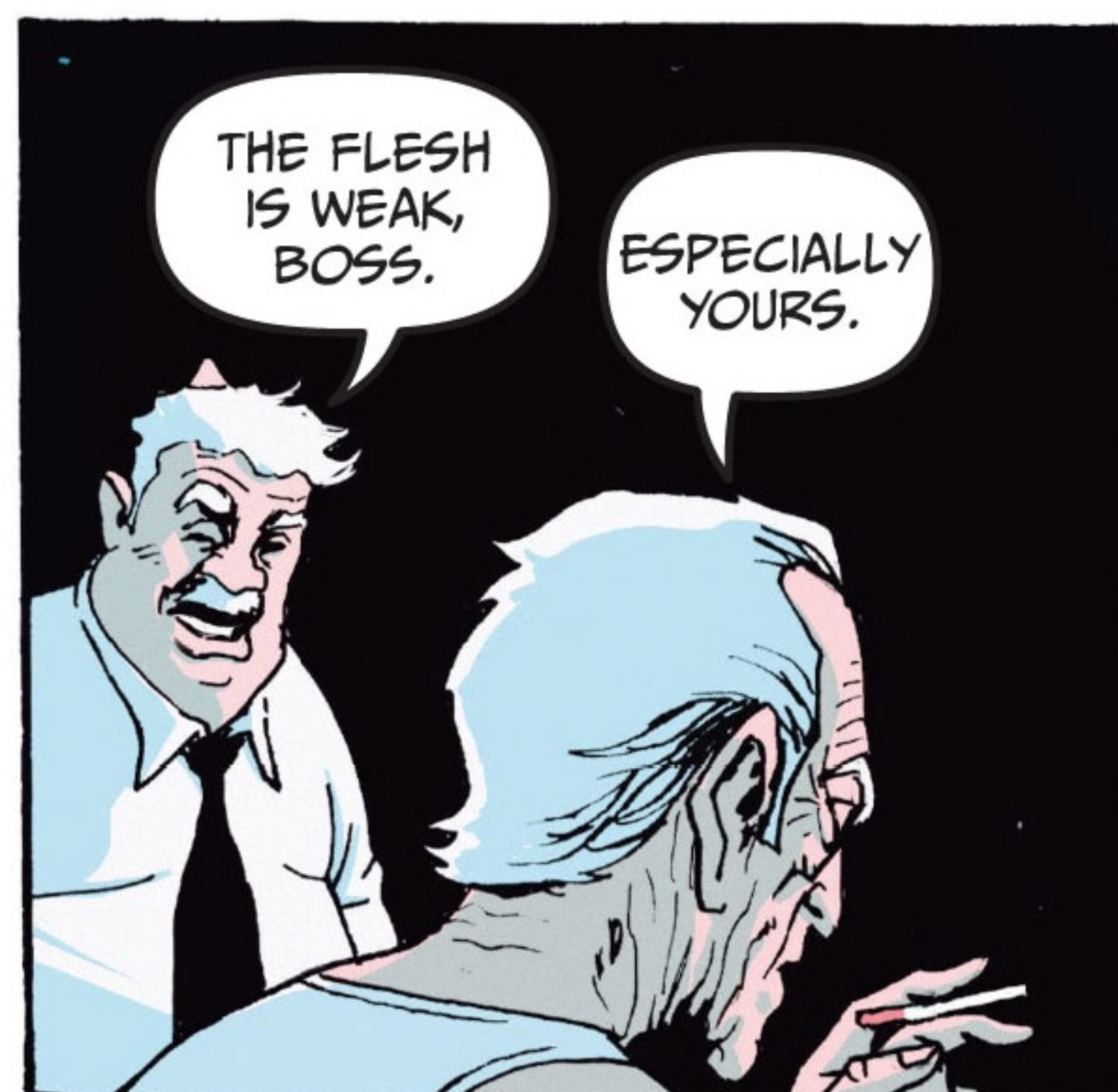
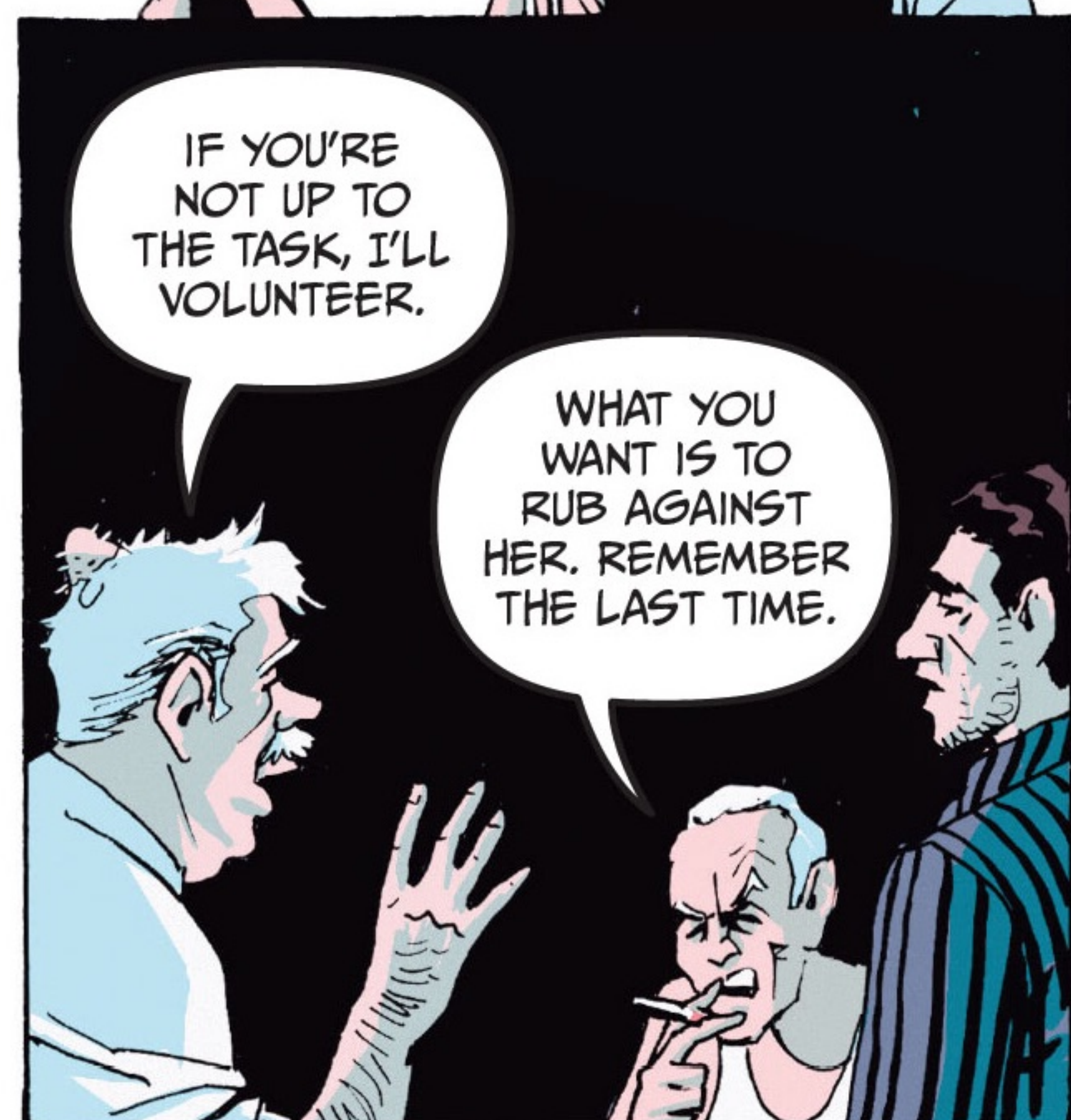
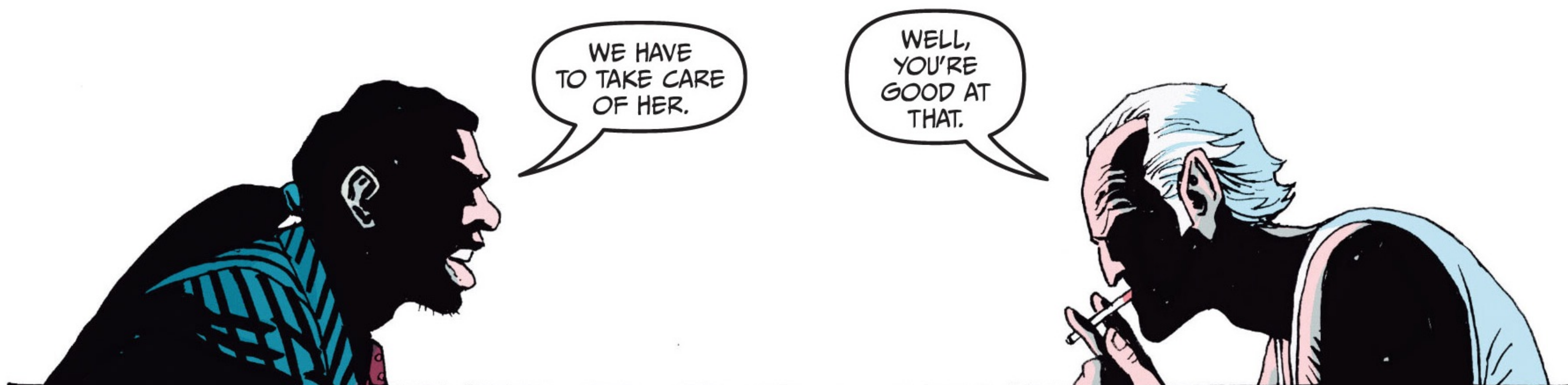
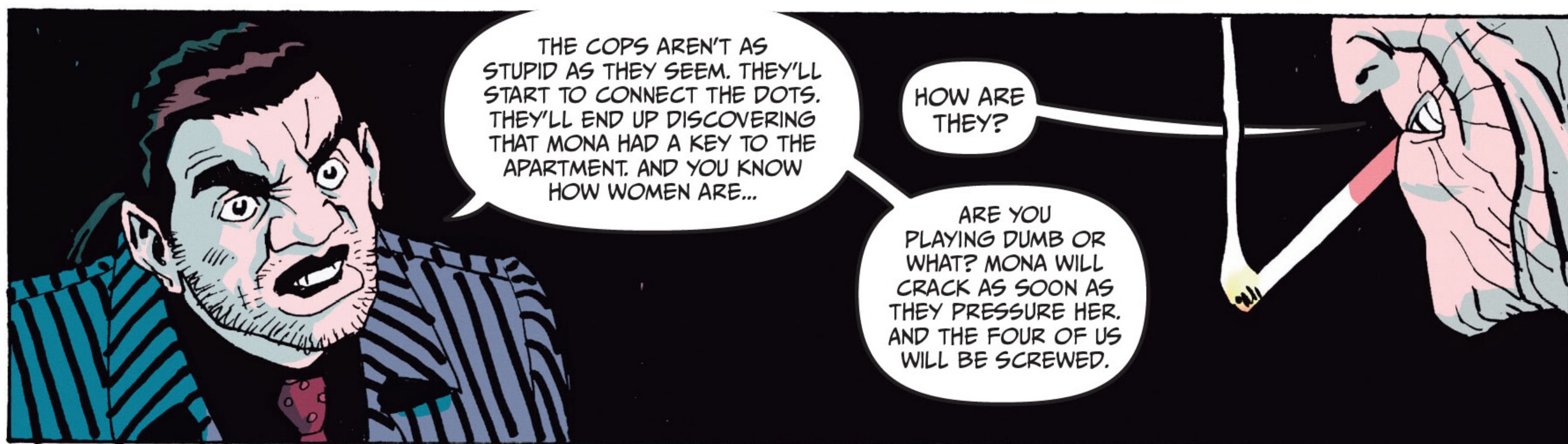
OR HE'S GOT A REAL SET OF BALLS.

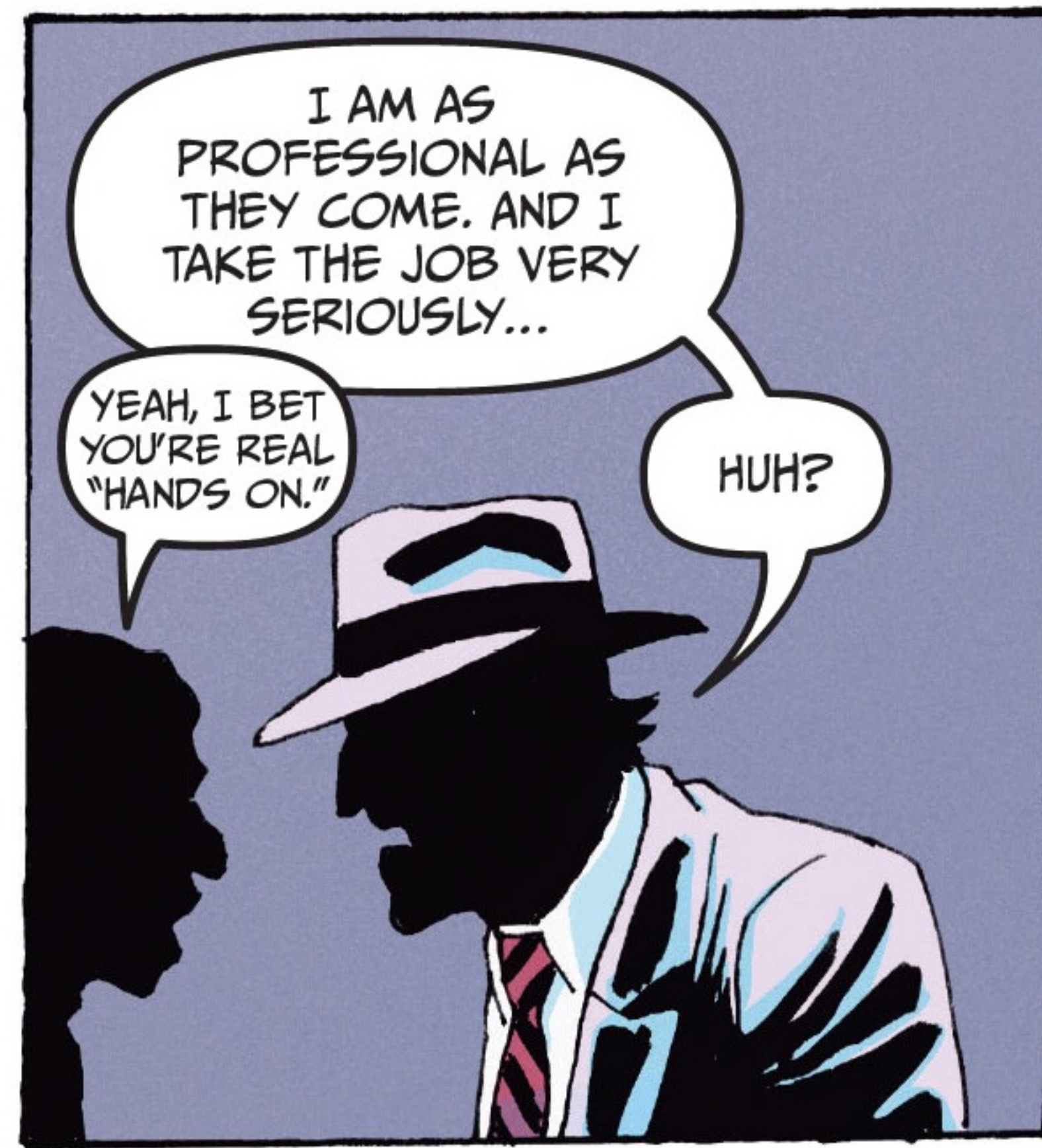
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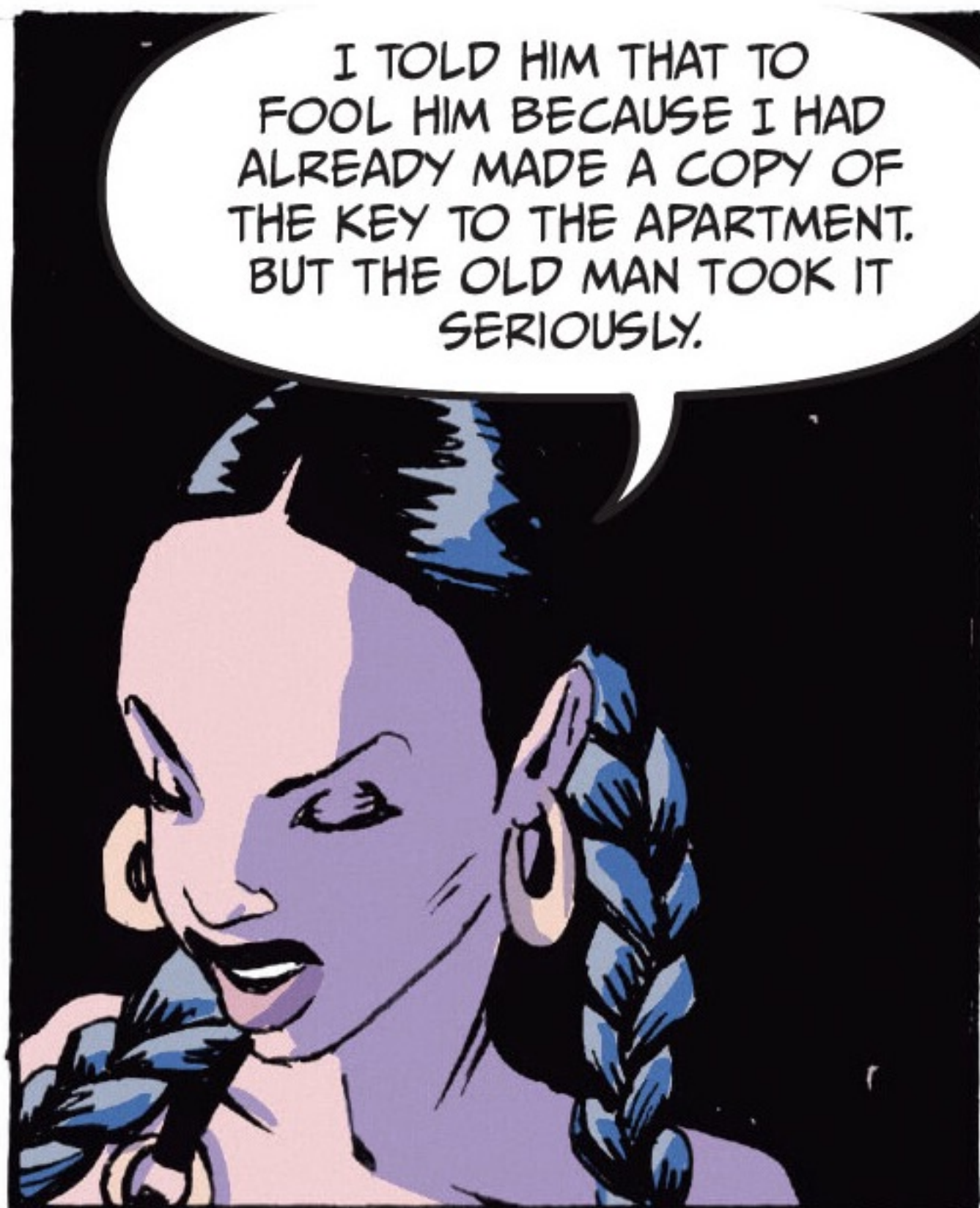














TO BE CONTINUED...